

## Our Young Folks.

### A PLAIN LITTLE GIRL.

Once I knew a little girl,  
Very plain;  
You might try her hair to curl,  
All in vain;  
On her cheek no tinge of rose  
Paled and blushed, or sought repose—  
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain  
Came and went,  
As a recompense for pain,  
Angels sent;  
So full many a beauteous thing,  
In the young soul blossoming,  
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,  
Pure and true;  
And in time the homely face  
Lovelier grew;  
With a heavenly radiance bright  
From the soul's reflected light  
Shining through.

Shall I tell you, little child,  
Plain or poor,  
If your thoughts are undefiled,  
You are sure  
Of the loveliness of worth;  
And this beauty, not of earth,  
Will endure.

—St. Nicholas.

### FLASH, THE FIREMAN.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### "HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW."

"First, Pleasure held the cup—the flowing bowl  
Wreathed, sensual poets say, 'with flowers of  
soul.'"

See him! how gracefully the glass is raised,  
As all his guests he praises—and is praised!  
His health they drink with one continuous roar;  
'Hip, hip,' and 'Three times three,' and 'One  
cheer more!'"

How thirteen people crowded into Mrs. Foster's little "front parlour" is just one of those mysteries of *packing* which only those who have ever been the victims of such a process can conceive; though even they cannot fully explain it.

It was the evening of the day following the return of Flash. He and his friends had reached Goldsmith's Row about half past ten on the Wednesday night, when a rare supper was spread, and a great deal more drink was taken by them all—except quiet Patty. Not till one o'clock had they retired to rest, and all felt some ill effects next morning.

Both Ted and Hedley "lost a quarter" that morning, neither of them getting to work till after breakfast.

It was determined that this "home-coming" of Flash, which was to be a final one, should be celebrated by a party in the evening. Tilly and Flash spent most of the day in purchasing supplies of all sorts for the occasion, while Mrs. Foster and Patty made preparations at home for the reception and entertainment of the invited guests. These were all of the same class as that to which the Fosters themselves belonged, and their arrival was almost simultaneous—about half-past seven in the evening.

Of course, the first thing was for each to drink the health of the "hero of the hour," and this was generally accompanied by the giving of some so-called "toast."

One merry young fellow, a journeyman painter, who was quite a dandy in his way, caused considerable amusement, as, standing with one eye shut, and a droll, drawn-up look in his face, he held up his glass to the light, and, in a lackadaisical tone, thus apostrophized the drink,—

"Here's to the stuff that causes all our woes,  
That keeps us poor and makes us wear bad  
clothes;  
But since it's got so near my nose,  
I'll tip it up, and down it goes."

Every one, laughed and clapped hands most heartily, but no one seemed to realize the humiliating truth contained in the first two lines of this rhymed toast.

No one, did we say? That is hardly correct; for an observer would have noticed that a look of pained intelligence crossed the face of that deformed girl, who was almost lost in the capacious depths of an arm-chair which Flash had insisted upon her occupying.

Supper was to be at half past ten, so there was "plenty of time to have a good sailor's yarn," said several of the party.

"Why can't we have a song? I've got a stunning one wot I've learned on purpose," broke in Ted.

"All right, young cockchafer! We'll have your ditty arter Flash has spun us a regular twister," remarked an old man, who had been a mate of Mr. Foster before he died, and had known the children from infancy.

Having settled themselves comfortably—which meant something very different to each—the party proceeded to listen to a "sea yarn" from Flash. All hung upon his words, very rarely interrupting him even to ask a question. In fact, the only real interruptions were those caused by passing round fresh drinks.

On went the sailor with stories of slave chases, full of thrilling adventure and horror; descriptions of foraging parties on shore, full of droll situations and unexpected and comic *denouements*; and other wonderful tales. A fascinating, dashing recital of how a Chinese pirate was captured was followed by an inquiry from the old man before mentioned.

"But I say, Flash, my boy!" he exclaimed, "what became of that young fellow that joined the same time as you? Let me see—whatever was his name? I say, Mrs. Foster, you know who I mean; he came here once to see yer when poor Foster was alive. He was tall and fair, with ginger whiskers, and—"

"Ob, I know who you mean," said Flash, suddenly. "You mean Harry Simcole!"

"That's him!" replied the old man slapping his knee. "Wot's come of him?"

"Ah, poor old Harry!" said Flash, "he's been going wrong for a year or two. We've been in the same ship, and, in fact, in the same mess, this last two commissions, and I've done all I could to stop him; but he'd got a list to leeward, and drifted dead off the course."

There was a tone of real concern, almost of sadness, in the voice of Flash, as he told incident after incident in the downward career of his friend, till presently he concluded by describing the last he saw of him.

"You see," he said, "it was like this. When Harry got a skinful, and that was pretty often, he always wanted to do some mischief, either to smash something or to hit somebody, or some other antigalligan thing. So it wound up with his very nearly smashing the boatswain's jaw one day after he had been cook of his mess—and that generally means a good stiff basonful or more of grog. Well, the skipper had let him off often before; but this time he was obliged to flog him. Poor Harry! I think I see him now, just as they took him down from the gratings, with his poor back one mass of bleeding gashes, and his head fallen over on one side, for he'd fainted. That's the worst of fellows taking *too much* booze! That's what I call abusing a *good creature* of God."

"Flash!" The voice was Patty's, and came out of the arm-chair, where she had been, with wide-open, horror-stricken eyes, watching his face as he told the terrible story.

"Well, little Pat," he said, as he stroked her beautiful hair with a tender, fondling touch, "what is it?"

The pale face of Patty became suddenly suffused with blushes as she found all eyes turned upon her; but she gathered courage to ask, "Do you think *it can be a good creature of God*, if it does such mischief? Mother says sometimes, 'You can't have *too much of a good thing*;' for, if it's good, the more you have the better you'll be;" but you say the more Harry Simcole had of the drink the worse he was."

Flash was beginning to feel the situation somewhat embarrassing, as the prospect of having to answer such questions satisfactorily loomed ahead of him.

He was fortunately spared the difficulty, however; for Mrs. Foster, who had left the room half-an-hour previously, now returned and announced supper. A few minutes later the party, merry as crickets, were doing justice to the "spread."

And what a "spread" it was! There was a whole ham which had been bought, ready dressed, at a ham and beef shop, and a large piece of brisket of beef (corned). There were also meat pies and sausage rolls, kidney parties, and sundry other dainties from the same ready source. Sweets of various kinds were there from the pastry cook's; and bottled ales

and stout besides draught beer, with ginger beer and lemonade for "shandygaff," or for any who would prefer these things alone.

The whole affair was on the most extravagant scale, considering two important things: the class to which these people belonged, and the fact that there would be spent on that evening's entertainment as much as would ordinarily be needed to keep the family of the Fosters for four or five weeks.

Supper over, they adjourned once more to the front room, where fruit and drink were almost immediately pressed upon all.

A sober onlooker—had such been present—would have found a curious study in relation to the drink in that room during the next two hours and a half.

As glass after glass was imbibed, the change in the drinkers was most marked and very varied. One became quiet, stupid, almost helpless; another, argumentative and quarrelsome; a third, hilarious and noisy; a fourth, gushing and sentimental; while, again, another would become incoherent in speech, and would make the most senseless and silly observations, repeating them over and over again; and all were careless—careless as to what they said, and careless how they acted. They were blinded to their own and to each other's coarseness of speech and action. Thus does drink blind its victims and lead them on to destruction.

Tilly, as we have already indicated, was a girl of no little refinement in manner, considering her birth and surroundings—a girl who ordinarily would shrink from anything *openly* coarse or vulgar. But as the time passed on, and her lover kept pressing and coaxing her to drink with him—all the more that the drinks were much stronger than she was accustomed to, and soon became more potent by their mixture—she, unknown to herself and unnoticed by others, became very lax in her behaviour.

She had come into that room in the early evening the picture of a modest, well-dressed, lady-like girl; now, as she sat with disordered hair and dress, she looked—well, to say the least, not a modest, good girl.

Her face was much flushed, not with a sense of shame, but with the unnatural excitement and stimulus of that robber of maiden purity of thought, feeling, and action—the Drink. In such so-called "innocent" parties the holy barrier of maidenly reserve has often been first so weakened that afterwards temptation has found its work comparatively easy.

"—What fills our streets with sin?  
Whence does the so-called 'social evil' spring?  
The devil has no helper like the gin."

While the others were, in their several ways, yielding to the power of the drink, poor Patty sat with face flushed with shame, and with head throbbing from the hot and stifling air of the room—for all the men were smoking as well as drinking.

It is surely a problem hard of solution—one that has puzzled many minds—how, here and there up and down the stream of life, some like this deformed girl have been enabled to keep a mind so transcendently pure and exalted above anything known or dreamt of by their companions, and so entirely uncontaminated by their surroundings.

(To be continued.)

### A HURON CO. MIRACLE.

#### AN OLD LADY'S STORY OF DEEP INTEREST TO OTHERS.

Mrs. Robert Bissett, who Was Crippled with Rheumatism for Nine Years, Despite Advancing Years has found Relief—She Relates Her Experience that Others May Profit by it. From the Goderich Star

For upwards of three years the Star has been republishing articles from various papers in Canada and the United States recounting miracles in healing, wrought, often in forlorn cases, by the use of the preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A more, or less intimate acquaintance with the publishers of several of the newspapers warranted us in believing that the cases reported by them were not overdrawn or exaggerated advertisements, but were published as truthful statements of remarkable cures from human ills, worthy of the widest publicity, that other

sufferers might be benefitted also. For some time past we have heard the name of Mrs. Robert Bissett, of Colborne township, mentioned as one who had experienced much benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after years of painful suffering. Curious to know the particulars, a representative of The Star called upon her son at his flour and feed store on Hamilton street, and asked how far the story was true. Without hesitation or reserve Mr. Bissett launched into praise of Pink Pills, which he said had a most wonderful effect in relieving his mother from the suffering of a bedridden invalid, crippled by rheumatism, and restoring her to the enjoyment of a fair degree of health and activity for a person of seventy years of age. "See her yourself," he said, "I am sure she will freely tell you all about her case, and you can judge how much she owes to Pink Pills. I am sure that it is owing to them that she is alive to-day."

Acting on this cordial invitation, the reporter drove out to the well-known Bissett homestead. Mrs. Bissett was found enjoying an afternoon's visit at the residence of a neighbor, Mrs. Robertson. She laughingly greeted the reporter with the assurance that she knew what he had come for as her son had told her the day she was in town what was wanted, and although she had no wish to figure in the newspapers she was quite willing to tell the facts in her case. "It is about nine years," she said, "since I was first taken down with rheumatism and for seven months I lay helpless in bed unable to raise or turn myself. I doctored with local physicians and I suppose the treatment I received must have helped me, for I was able to go around again for quite a long while, until another attack came on, and for two years I was again laid up, never being able to put a foot under me, or help myself in any way. I tried everything. Bless you—doctors, baths, liniments and medicines, and of course suffered a great deal, being troubled also with asthma. But although I finally got on my feet again I was not able to do anything, and could get across the room only with the help of someone and leaning on a chair which they would push before me. By and by I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and though of course I had no faith in anything, I bought some at Wilson's drug store and began their use, and when I had taken two boxes I felt they were helping me. I continued them quite awhile, improving gradually until now I am as you see me, although I have not taken them for a couple of months. I can now go around alone, and although I always keep my stick with me to guard against an accident or a misstep, I can safely say I am wonderfully improved from the use of Pink Pills. I am no longer a helpless burden and care on my children that I was, and Pink Pills did it."

Mrs. Bissett has been a woman of great activity and industry, and is possessed of an unusually bright and vivacious mind; she is a great reader and talks with all the charming interest of one of the old-time mothers in Israel. In her long residence of 48 years in this county she has seen many changes, and to her patient toil and untiring labors may be attributed much of the prosperity and beauty which is characteristic of the old homestead.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as acrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedial or medical treatment.